

## Ghostface Killah "China Town Wars"

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War, we run these streets like a renegade  
Get that gwop, til the rent is paid  
Hunt my pray, in the calvacade  
Revenge is got, when the boss is slayed

Aiyo, what up homey, it's Toney, revenge is so sweet  
And I move with artillery, roaming the streets  
My guns is ginormous, bullets is heatseeking  
Big brother got the eye on me, I watch how I'm  
speaking  
And I move like a porn star in charm school  
I stick everything I see, but I only take jewels  
And Cash Rules, pills and that cocaine powder  
I ain't a man, I'm a Killah, obsessed with power  
And revenge, I don't need friends and shiesty activities  
Move alone through the City that they call Liberty  
And trust nobody but my bullets and my shotty  
Carjack a fool twist his limbs like pilates  
Ox' him, buck 50 stitch him, Chinatown Wars  
I chop 'em up like rice in the kitchen  
It's a, bad decision, starting beef with the butcher  
He ain't a bleeder, I pop him son, your man is a gusher

Clap on, clap off  
Fake ass street thugs, either need to ax off or cough  
Feel 'em, Metal Finger steel drum  
Clean inside walk with him, talk shit to real scum  
Of the earth, take it with a shovel, fool  
Main character, super villain, lovable  
And don a mask like a clown, of thorns  
Blow your horn and get pounded out by the boring  
(I take your order) let me get one wing  
Any king that bring this sting for Chung King  
No change, no stranger to gats  
Took notice, what so strange is no cats  
Dogs is wars, dud luck, draw straws  
Fuck the boss, drowned on blood and duck sauce  
Stuck the enemy, a wack deal caper  
For racks of fake Fendi and stacks of real paper

Yo, it's a manhunt, my mentality's militia

If my four-fifth had lips, I'd make it French kiss ya  
Cause no mission's impossible, I carry my Wu-Tang  
sword  
On my back, and attack all obstacles  
Burnt down buildings, avenging my father's death  
A store for ransom, and snatch your crystal meth  
I pillage, my warpath is unpredictable  
Leave 'em dead on arrival, broke up or critical

War nine, frying swine to pork grinds  
For trying to walk the fine line, thoughts flying  
Had more fun with a crooked rookie  
Went for his gun, cracked his skull like a fortune cookie  
A mind reader, find out, speak, freaks bow  
With the nine heater, beat feet and smile now  
Ten paces, about face, chase me  
We make it sound crazy than a case of M-80's

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